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(4) Katawāl, Batawāl ai Barakat deh.
(5) Gilit Malik ai Barakat deh.
(6) Sharo ai Rat ai lo bu sing Barakat deh.
(7) Owal ai sur ai Barakat deh.
(8) Jakun ai shing nikheh sang Barakat deh.
(9) Gogo ai dayin o sang Barakat deh.

Translation :—

(1) In thy name, O merciful Lord, give us abundance!
(2) Give us abundance like Oosum and Doosum (remarkable men of ancient times)!
(3) Give us abundance like the brave Kharki (Kharki, the people say, was 4½ yards tall)!
(4) Give us abundance like Katawall and Batawall (also ancient heroes)!
(5) Give us prosperity like Malik, the Raja of Gilgit!
(6) Give us abundance, so that we may carry our grain home throughout the long night of autumn till it is dawn!
(7) Give us abundance like the long day of summer!
(8) Give us abundance till horns grow out of the ass!
(9) Give us abundance till a beard grows from the rocks!

[526] After gathering their crops the inhabitants celebrate a festival called "Duma Nikha," an expression of their feeling of freedom from all agricultural labour, and indulge in recreations and games, the chief of which is polo. A goat is killed and roasted and the meat eaten at the place where they perform their dances, which continue late into the night. They also add to their enjoyment by shooting at a mark, after which the assembly breaks up.

III.

Marriage.

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When a boy reaches 16 or 17 years of age, his parents begin to search for a wife for him, and as soon as they hear of a likely girl, they summon the headmen of their own village, to whom they give food, and request them to ask such and such a person to give his daughter in marriage. The headmen carry this message to the father of the girl, who entertains them for one or two days. During this time he summons his relatives and the headmen of his own village, in order to consult them in the matter. In the case of consent being given, a prayer is read by both the parties as sealing the promise. The boy's father now presents the following things to the girl's father in token of their new relationship :—

Cloth	...	5 yards.
Needle	...	1
Knife	...	1
Rope	...	1

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644 one long line before the entrance to the fort, and as we approached they advanced all together and bowed as one man; the effect of the dignified Eastern salaam so given was fine.

262 We had our first Chitrali dinner at Mastuj, and excellent it was. It was served under the great plane tree which shaded the gate of the fort, on a raised platform running round the trunk. This must have been the place of gossip and assembly for the last two hundred years or more. The dinner consisted of pillaus of all sorts, one excellent pillau of beef being on a huge dish, three feet across, piled high with rice. [272] The drink was water cooled with snow. After dinner we were given little cups of tea, with salt in it instead [264] of sugar, a most atrocious mixture. I barely tasted mine, but Robertson, who had insisted on our dining *à la Chitrali*, using our fingers for forks, a most unpleasant and greasy proceeding, drank the whole of his at a draught. He was no companion to me for the rest of the day.

• 431 After breakfast was over Afzul came out and gave us the usual presents — horses, pieces of Bokhara silk, caps and waist-belts embroidered by the women of his household. By the time I left Chitral I had a string of about twenty horses of sorts, most of them dreadful screws, but useful on the march to mount orderlies and servants. I got rid of a good many in presents on my way down through Punyal, and the rest were sold, together with all other presents received, in India, and their value, as is the custom in these cases, credited to the Foreign Office Toshekhana or treasure-house.

000 We remained at Mastuj about a week to give the

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643 organised hospital and dispensary at Chitral, under a
646 good native doctor; that this was to be at our expense
743 went without saying. I am glad to say I was able to arrange this, a hospital was established next year, and it has flourished and done much good in the country.

431 Before leaving Chitral I sent the Mehtar the pre-
[576] sents I had brought up for him. The local etiquette forbade the gifts being offered in public, as everything so received had at once to be given away. My presents, therefore, were taken to the Mehtar by my head orderly. They consisted of a double-barrel express rifle, a pair of shot guns, and a miscellaneous assortment comprising silver goblets, cutlery, gold cloth from Benares, silks and broadcloths; and as the ladies were to be propitiated, carefully-graduated collections of rich brocades, silks, embroidered muslins, looking-glasses, jewelled trinkets, and last, but not least, boxes of scented soap and cases of perfumery. I was careful to ascertain the proper proportion to be observed in graduating the presents for the Mehtar's leading wives, and had a solemn interview with his minister on the subject. The result was excellent, and to my surprise and satisfaction I found that the Mehtar was delighted with the presents, and valued them at considerably more than treble what they had cost in India, and that the ladies were extremely
[159] pleased with theirs. The Mehtar's appreciation of some of my gifts was amusing. He was much taken with a nest of silver cups in a case, the innermost of which was shaped like a champagne glass. He was delighted with this, and pointed out that it would be most useful as a spittoon when he chewed snuff. The

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515 ladies, I heard, revelled in the soap; and, judging from the men, I should say it was needed.

148 From Chitral I sent letters to Peshawar through Dir and Bajour, and asked permission to come back to India that way. The Peshawar authorities said afterwards we should have had our throats cut had we attempted it. This, "from information received," I did not believe, and in any case it was worth trying, as we had no accurate knowledge of the road. The Khan of Dir and Umra Khan of Jandol were ready to pass me through their territories, and as both wished to come to an understanding with Government, I believed the opportunity to be a good one, more especially as the Mehtar had at the moment considerable influence with them both, and was prepared to do all in his power to assist me in the attempt, believing that Government would take any help given me by him into consideration. However, the fates were against me, and I did not get permission. I arranged to spend the time pending the receipt of an answer in visiting the Dorah, Agram, Nuksán, and Katinza passes, leading over the Hindu-Kush into Badakshan, but the early setting in of the snowfall rendered it impossible for me to visit the last three, and I had to content myself with the Dorah, the main pass, over which runs a rough kafila or caravan road, which has from time immemorial connected Badakshan through Chitral, Dir, and Swat with India.

● 431 I had a final interview with the Mehtar before leaving Chitral, and he presented me at parting with the usual number of horses, and with some fur coats, one of which was much admired when I wore it in

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camp, the outside being composed of Bokhara silk in broad bands of red and gold. Our first halt was at Shoghot, a point at which all the roads leading over the passes mentioned above converge. We passed over the Chitrali racecourse on the way, a stretch nearly four miles long of flat ground which, once cultivated, has been ruined by floods, and is one mass of sand and stones. At the far end of the plain is a raised mound, the Mehtar's grand stand, and the course was the full distance. How any horse could survive being raced four miles over the stones is *difficult to understand, but they did.* Afzul-ul-Mulk amused me by saying he had a horse which was undefeated over this course, and that he much regretted he had not taken him to Calcutta and entered him at the races there, as he certainly would have won the Viceroy's Cup, the Derby of India. After passing over this open ground, the road runs through a limestone gorge, with absolutely perpendicular sides.

As it was now autumn, and the rivers had shrunk, we marched as a rule up the bed of the stream, which was crystal clear and full of fish, fording a dozen times a day with the water to our saddle-flaps. The trees were just turning, and every valley you looked up was ablaze with "the flying gold of the ruined woodland." We passed many wild duck decoys, at constructing which the Chitralis seem very clever. They run off a portion of the stream on to a flat field, making a pool twenty yards or so square, at one corner of which the water runs in. Here they make a wicker cage with a wide mouth and tunnel gradually tapering up-stream.

[When leaving Chitral -- Analyst]